THE HAPPY VALLEY

OVER the plains of Bengal, halting awhile at a shrine of spiritual blessing. What though the bedstead has no mattress ? What if the food is coolies' fare ? Kings have desired in vain to behold what Is seen here and to know what are everyday matters to the inmates. Even the outer court of the Temple Is sweeter than elsewhere. Outside my little window, on rising, I hear the Bengali sub-judge, who has afforded me hospitality from the overflowing bungalow next door, and his friend the Eura-sian clerk, neither of whom the smart mems at the club would admit past their verandahs, talk Tennyson together, while, in the evening, fields of white poppies, sleeping their stainless sleep, promise lethe to the weariest, and yellow avenues of mangoes waft hot breaths of pine, and in the dusk the toddy palm clatters weirdly overhead, and the man who taps it nightly looks like a monkey slithering down with a rope. Then on to Lucknow, the royal city of the last hapless dynasty of India, to the